Topics of the Times

When the firemen turn out the thing to look for is a hot time.

Perhaps it is a good thing for the American people that they can't read the Japanese newspapers.

"Is it a white vest, or a white waistcoat?" asks an exchange. If you can afford only one, brother, it is a vest.

The only language Gen. Kuroki uses is Japanese, and it is said he uses no more of that than is absolutely necessary.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some can impart a curvilinear motion to a leather covered sphere.

William Dean Howells says it is a crime to accept money for poetry. But isn't the man who pays money for poetry also guilty?

Ambassador Bryce takes a rosy view of the future of this country. It might be different if Mr. Bryce had Editor Stead's gift of second sight.

Stage coaches on their way to the Yosemite Valley are being held up by masked highwaymen. The far West continues to have some local color.

John D. Rockefeller was arrested the other day for going forty miles an hour in his automobile. Here is another outrage for Chancellor Day to scold about.

Inasmuch as Mr. Rockefeller's fine for scorching in his automobile was only $25, we may reasonably hope that it will not result in a further advance in the price of oil.

A Philadelphia preacher has been deposed because he failed to put on enough style to suit his congregation. We are able to say in his behalf that he did not wear celluloid cuffs.

It would be better for Japan not to make war on this country, but if nothing else will do her our producers and manufacturers will take pleasure in showing her our fine line of war supplies.

People who want something bright and original may be referred to the story of a Texas cyclone that picked up a letter and delivered it to the person to whom it was addressed, twenty miles away.

London society women are taking lessons for the purpose of learning to walk as American women do. Is it possible that the London ladies think it is the manner in which they walk that enables American girls to get the dukes and earls?

A Jewish banker who died in Paris not long ago left $5,000,000 to the Pasteur Institute, notwithstanding the fact that the total value of his estate was only $13,000,000. In this country people who are not worth any more than that usually think they ought to have tall monuments if they leave $50,000 or $60,000 to charitable or public institutions.

When a young woman's heart is broken by a fickle suitor she is considered justified in claiming damages in a good round sum for the breakage. With superior masculine business instinct a young man in New York has started a precedent by handing in an itemized bill of the expenses of courtship when the fair one proved false. The male heart may be tougher in its breakage than that of the more susceptible sex, but the money plaster is quite as efficacious in the one case as in the other and it does seem that it is hardly fair to leave the unlucky swain with an empty purse as well as with a denuded heart.

Great Britain's colonial conference is likely, whether it accomplishes any immediate political results or not, to educate the people of England to a sense of the size, value, importance and opportunities of the girdle of self-governing colonies which belt the world. The conference has given the English newspapers a new theme to discuss, and they have discussed it so extensively that not even the casual English reader, who is usually as ignorant of the British colonies as he is of America, can help absorbing some information about the great English-speaking domains across the sea. This is a kind of advertising which pays.

By vote of its board of directors, an important English corporation has lately made a fine moral distinction which shows in most pleasing fashion the upward tendency in business life and sets an example to other corporations. The action of the board had to do with the disclosing of board room secrets and with the use of what is commonly called "inside information" for the financial benefit of directors. It was voted, after some discussion, "that no member of the board shall buy or sell any stock or shares of the company without previously announcing his intention to the directors, or shall have any indirect holding of the stock or shares without disclosing the fact to the board." It was also declared that no director having special knowledge of the company's trading results should buy or sell shares until such knowledge is in the hands of the general body of shareholders. The evil of the use by directors, for their own profit, of information which is theirs by virtue of their position is not confined to Great Britain. It is a wholesome sign that the injustice of it is beginning to be noticed. There is another side of the matter in which the public is directly interested. In the meeting of the English corporation referred to, there was a reference to the fact that a recent considerable advance in the price of the stock had taken place with no apparent reason and without justification by the present business or future outlook. The inference was that "inside information" had been allowed to get out which was not information at all, but misleading statements put forth for the purpose of enabling some one to make a turn in the market. "Private tips" cannot be trusted. Such action as that taken by the British corporation would prohibit no legitimate trading by any person, whether a director or not, who, by the maintenance of a corps of informing agents or a staff of correspondents, or through any other outside channel, becomes possessed of information which is likely to affect the price of shares. That method is honest and above board, and entitles a man to the profits of his energy and foresight.

Do you remember the story of the sot who was picked up in the street, taken to the duke's house, put into the duke's bed, and found himself, when he awoke, surrounded by a bowing and obsequious throng? He stared at them. He could not understand. There were silken clothes lying on the chair. His morning meal was being handed him on a gold tray. He fell back in bed, and exclaimed, "Oh! I am dreaming! This is not me! It cannot possibly be me! It must be somebody else!" Why did he think this? It was not altogether because he knew he was not a duke. The real reason for his astonishment lay deeper than that. He thought so little of himself that he knew nobody else could think very much of him. At heart, the poor sot had no self-respect. People never think any more of you than you think of yourself. This does not mean that you are to pretend, or that you are to be proud, and go along thinking only of what a superior person you are. But it does mean that people will never take off their hats to you unless you hold up your head. Don't apologize for what you are. One of the saddest spectacles in the world is that of a man who is too humble to demand respect, or too apologetic to command attention, or too much of a moral weakling to assert his rights. The world will never search you out, and drag you into the limelight, and say, "Here he is! We have been wanting to find him, so that we could show him respect, and reward him, and give him all the deference and honor he deserves!" No; the world will let you stay in your obscure corner, and will give its honor and rewards to the man with half your ability and twice your self-respect. Say, "I know what I am. I know what I can do. I know how good my work is. I know, too, that I am struggling daily to make myself a more complete man, to increase my field of effort, and to do better work. I will not be puffed up with false pride, but I will not be obscured by mock modesty. I am not the best man in the world, nor yet the most able man, or the most skilled workman; but I am what I am, and no one shall dare to take from me one smallest portion of my self-respect, or fail to give me the fullest measure of the recognition that is mine."

Butter's Rival.

Beaten by a Frenchman in the discovery of a substitute for butter, the American has now far outstripped his scientific rival across the sea in turning that discovery to commercial uses. One result is that American manufacturers are shipping hundreds of tons of oleomargarine back to the land of its origin every year, and are selling it there cheaper than the Frenchmen themselves can make it. Chicago is now the center of the oleomargarine industry of the world.—Technical World Magazine.

Utter Silence.

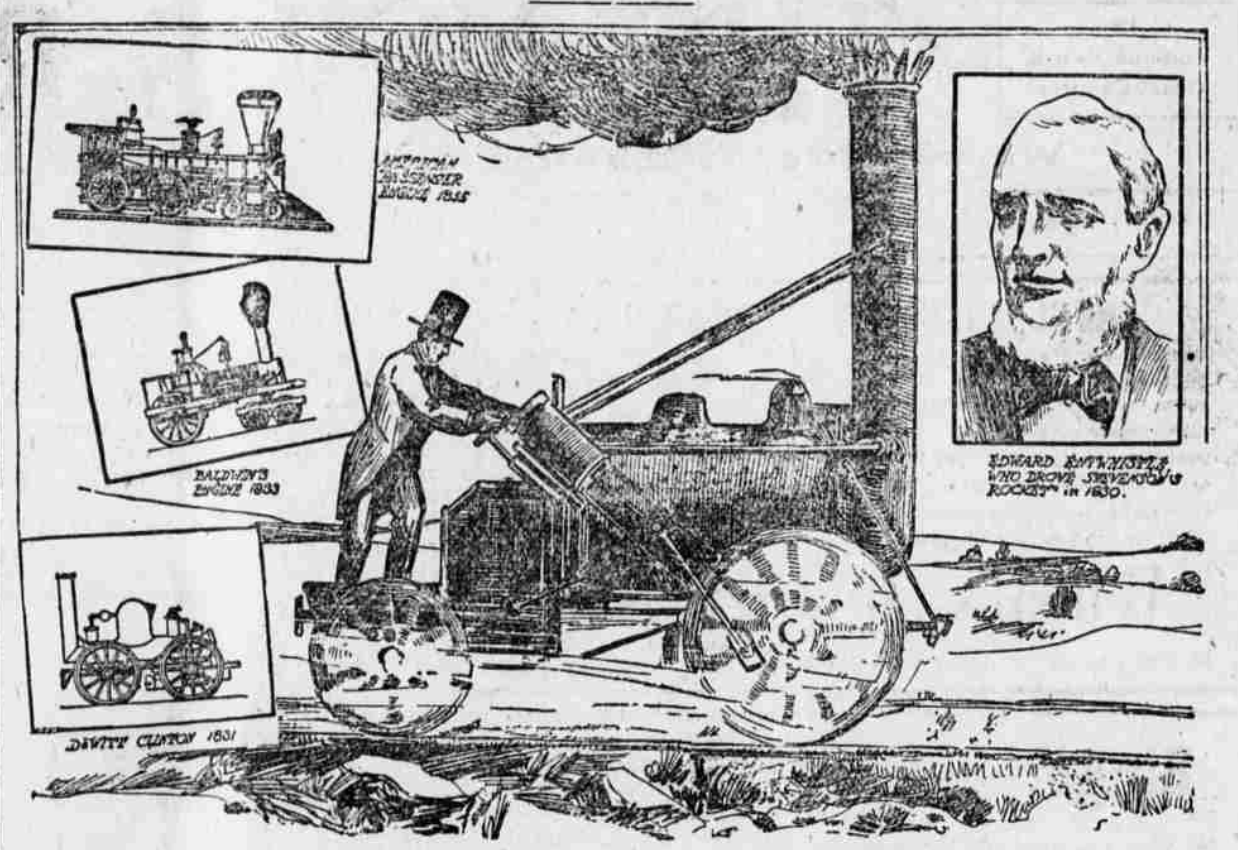
"Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins, "is is true that money talks?"

"I suppose so."

"You must be very fond of silence. After losing your money at the races you go to the ball game and lose your voice."—Washington Star.

If you want to oblige a friend do something for him his way instead of your own way.

HE RAN THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S FIRST ENGINE.



The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Every effort was made by numerous exhibitors in the transportation department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to have Mr. Entwistle go to St. Louis, as he had gone to Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition. Large sums of money were offered to him, and the temptation was great, for the old engineer is far from being wealthy. Owing to his extreme age, however, and the fatigues of a 400 mile railroad journey, the offers were declined. Thirty years ago Mr. Entwistle had been officially invited to attend the Philadelphia Exposition. He was not informed that his old engine was on exhibition and was wandering through the transportation exhibition when he happened upon it. His joy at the recognition of his old pet is still remembered by those who were in the secret and who accompanied the famous engineer on his rounds.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the Duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration.

THE DREAMER.

He builds as he can, as he will,
In weakness or strength as it seems;
And it is what it is; for his skill
Is only the truth of his dreams.

And his dreams are as strong as his faith,
Or as weak as the fears that they own;
And what to his soul either sayeth,
That is, and that guides him alone.

So some ships that are stately and fair
Go down for a morsel of faith:
While some thistle-down barks, light as air,
No storm can move out of their path.
—Weekly Bouquet.

GLIDDEN'S WAY

Mabel went into the library and found the old gentleman sitting there with his newspaper. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, as he looked particularly stern and forbidding, began to twist his near whisker around her slim forefinger, which was a little way she had. Upon which, the old gentleman, with a sigh of resignation and exasperation blended, dropped his paper in his lap and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mabel, continuing the curling process.

"Then what in nation—— Don't do that, girl! You're pulling me."

Mabel tossed the newspaper to the floor and slipped into its place. "By the way, papa," she said, "and apropos of nothing on earth, what did you quarrel with Mr. Glidden about?"

The old gentleman's thick pepper-and-salt eyebrows drew together in a frown. "None of your business, miss," he answered.

"But I want to know."

"Well, if you want to know, it was over a political matter."

"I didn't know you ever went in for politics. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. I wasn't directly interested. You're giving me a cramp in my knee. Pick up that paper and give it to me and skip. Isn't there any place I can go without your coming along and bothering me?"

"Not any I know of," replied Mabel, calmly, "and I don't believe I'm hurting your knee, either. It was about ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said the old gentleman. "It was in the presidential election of '96. Time Bryan ran against McKinley."

"Was Mr. Glidden for McKinley?"

"He said McKinley would win. I don't think he was ever for anybody but Glidden."

"Well, he was right, wasn't he?"

"Certainly he was right. Oh, certainly."

"Well!"

"Well, he made some darned impertinent remark, that's all, and not for the first time by many. He—well, that's all there was about it. Now, run along."

"Do you want me to pull your whiskers again or are you going to tell me?"

"Now, look here, Mab, you wouldn't understand. I—well, I offered to bet him 5 to 1 that Bryan would be elected and he undertook to tell me that gambling on elections was immoral and that an offer to bet was no argument and that he was content to base his belief on certain facts and figures that appealed to his judgment and all that sort of stuff—reproving me, by grief!"

"I think you needed reproof," said Mabel. "Shocking! Don't you yourself know that gambling is immoral? And I always looked up to you so, papa! Mr. Glidden was perfectly right."

The old gentleman pinched her ear.

"That's what he was," he admitted. "That's what grinds me. I've known Glidden ever since I was knee high to a toad and I always found him to be in the right. That's the trouble, if you want to know."

The girl patted his shoulder sympathetically and smiled.

"The first time I ever saw him," said the old gentleman, "was when I was at school in Bagleyville. I had a marble board that I'd traded another boy out of. It was just a plain board about

"POOR DADDY!" SAID THE GIRL PITYINGLY.

a foot long with square holes cut in the base of it, some larger than others. You stood off and shot at the holes. If you got through the very biggest hole you got your own marble back and another one; if you got through the next biggest you got three marbles, and so on. The highest you could win was twenty, but you could just barely get through that. All the marbles that missed going through any hole—and most of them did—went to the owner of the board. See?"

"I see," said the girl. "Sort of a slot machine."

"Not at all," corrected the old gentleman. "There was no gambling about it. It all depended on the skill of the players. There was one boy who always shot at the biggest hole and he won every time, until I barred him out for a sure-thing sport. Well, while the boys were shooting Glidden came up and watched and presently declared that no known marbles could go through the twenty hole unless it was hammered through. I called him a liar, of course, and offered to fight him, but he said that fighting was wrong, which is right, of course, and that he was right, which he was. I had been running the game in perfect good faith, but the board had got wet and swelled the wood since I tried it. It made me a great deal of trouble, I remember."

"Poor daddy!" said the girl, pityingly.

"That was always the way with him," said the old gentleman, quite savagely. "Some boys know it all and get let down. He knew it all and that was all there was to it. He called the teacher down once for spelling 'seize' 's-i-e-z-e.' Teacher was sure she could not have been mistaken. She had spelled it 's-i-e' all her life, but she looked it up and, sure enough, Glidden was right. He was good enough to instruct Bill Somes, the station agent, that it was 'daypo' and not 'deepo.' Bill said that Glidden young one would get his measly little neck wrung some time, but Glidden himself was always the only successful predicter. He told me I'd get chicken pox if I played with Lem Green, who was getting over it, and I got it. He was the only boy who came to the Baptist Sunday school picnic with an umbrella. He said he thought it was going to rain, though the Lord Harry only knows who made him a weather prophet. But it rained all right. It had to."

Mabel squeezed his arm and giggled.

"You see, it wasn't just the election; it was Glidden. And there were two or three others there and they agreed with him, and—I was glad of the chance to quarrel with him, if you want to know."

"Did you hear that they were going to leave Chicago?" asked Mabel.

"No. Are they? I'm glad of it."

"All but Bert," said Mabel. "Bert's studying medicine, you know."

"Who's Bert?"

"Bert Glidden, of course," replied Mabel. "And he's going to be quite lonely, poor fellow, and he isn't a bit like his papa. Not a bit. I'm sure I don't wonder at you. I knew him at high—Bert—and I think you'd like him, but he thinks from something he's heard his father say that you'd be prejudiced against him and wouldn't care to have him call. But I told him his father, with all due respect, must be crazy and that there wasn't an atom of prejudice about you. But he's the most wrong headed, blundering boy ever was and so diffident! And I don't think I can induce him to come; but if he should come you'll not be grumpy with him, will you? Because it's just a charity, with his people going.

"Well, I think I've bothered you enough. Here's your paper. Aren't you going to ask me to come again? Well, good-by!"

Mabel danced to the door, smiled, courtesied and disappeared. The old gentleman snorted. But he did not resume his paper for several minutes.—Chicago Daily News.

Time by the Forelock.

"Was their marriage a failure?"

"Oh, no. They were divorced before it had a chance to be that."—Judge.

A certain amount of humiliation is necessary to keep a man down where he belongs.